



For the Lady's Book.

THE MESSENGER;

OR, A YARN UPON THE LEE BOOMS—A SEA STORY.

BY THE LATE ALEXANDER HAMILTON HEYSHAM.

THE captain and myself had been talking over the probable length of our voyage, when the bell struck eight, and the men below were turned up for the first night watch. Not being in a humour for sleep, I went on deck. The night was beautiful. Those who have never witnessed a moonlight night at sea, can form no idea of its splendour. We had the wind free and a moderate breeze; the ship was going through the water at the rate of about seven knots; every sail that would draw was crowded upon her, and never in the course of many voyages had I witnessed a scene more grand or beautiful. The sea was moderately rough, and covered as far as the eye could reach with waves, which looked as they danced in the moon-beams, like frosted silver on a dark surface of polished steel. Immediately around us the sea was filled with animalculæ, and far down beneath our keel we could see these stars of the ocean shooting out in different directions, with a brightness that seemed to awe the dazzling orbs that were shining above; and our gallant ship, as the moon caught on her well trimmed sails and tapering masts, looked like a barque of silver ploughing a sea of fire. So bright was the spray that foamed beneath her bow, that the under part of the bowsprit was as strongly illuminated as the side on which the moon fell. It was indeed a night so beautiful that it had its effect even on the rough natures of our hardy tars; for scarce one of them as they came grubbling up the hatchway, but made some remark,

and paused for a moment to gaze on its silent beauty.

The watch, whose turn was now below, mostly lingered on deck, and mixed with the others in small groups. It was too fine a night to turn in, and besides there is little to do when it is fair weather, so they preferred lying on deck, to listen to the tales which the older seamen on such occasions are always ready to relate. Some seated themselves on the forecastle, others on the bitts, and some on the guns. The most striking group was on the booms to leeward of the launch; it consisted of several of the forecastle and top-men, and a small boy, who was a general favourite on board for his sprightliness and good humour. Among the rest I observed an old seaman, whom I had often marked, and in whom I fancied I discovered something that distinguished him from those of his class. He was rather tall, and though age had commenced its ravages upon his frame, yet there was proof remaining of his having once been a muscular and well proportioned man. His face was thin and brown, his features strongly marked, and though not regular, might in his youthful days have been called handsome, and were still prepossessing. His eye was dark grey, and though its general expression was mild, yet at times, when apparently in deep thought, it would brighten with a wild melancholy fierceness, that to a stranger earned an opinion of derangement. His dress was the same as is generally worn by sailors at sea, consisting



of a frock, trowsers, and jacket; his head was covered by a flat blue cloth cap, from under which a few locks of grey hair straggled over his weather-beaten forehead. He was respected by the officers for his good conduct and capability as a seaman, and his shipmates looked up to him with the deference that his age and experience demanded. I observed that in their arguments and disputes, he was generally the umpire; and that when old Charley told a tale, he was always surrounded by the best of the crew. The boy seemed to be his favourite; he was allowed to take many playful liberties with him which the generality of old tars consider as derogatory to their dignity. But to my tale.

Curious to hear the conversation, which with the lower class of seamen is always amusing, and anxious to know more of one in whom I felt an interest, I approached their circle and seated myself on one of the guns of the waist, appearing to be gazing on the beauties of the night, while I listened to the following conversation:

"You don't believe, Charley, in the Flying Dutchman?" said the boy, laughing.

"Why not?" said the old seaman, seriously, "you believe in things because you see them, and I believe in Vanderdecken because I have with my own eyes watched him from the time we first made him off the lee-cathead, till he was hull down right to windward of us, and who but he ever went in the wind's eye? That was him in the old brig that went ashore with us on the coast; and then again when I was in the Sea Gull, one morning just after the watch was turned up at seven bells, and while all hands were round the galley, the masthead sung out—'Sail, ho!' and there sure enough was a sail on the other tack close aboard of us on the weather bow. The captain sung out for his trumpet, and kept the ship away to keep her clear of us; but before the steward got the trumpet on deck, she was out of sight, when all hands expected the next sea would have brought her on board of us. No, no, lad, I once laughed at the Flying Dutchman myself; but seeing is believing."

"Yes, but Charley, I told that all to the second mate, and he says it's all a yarn, for when you thought you saw him the first time, he says it was a ship on the same tack as you were; but your old brig made so much lee-way, that you brought him on your weather bow; and as to the Sea Gull, the fogs were so thick that you did not see the ship till she was close aboard, and then she seemed nearer when she was on the top of the sea than she really was. She was on one tack, you on the other; you kept away, and the fog being thick, two minutes in a ship that sailed like the Sea Gull, would have put you out of sight. He's rounded the cape often, and observed the same thing."

"Ah, boy! the second mate may talk; he's a good seaman, I allow, and has rounded the cape often too, but he's one of these men that regulate things according to books, and believe them instead of their own eyes. Now, as to navigation, or a lunar, why he's as good as ever step-

ped, for I heard the captain say so, and no man can clap a gang of rigging over a masthead in a more seaman-like manner, or work a ship better. I've been afloat long enough to be able to know a sailor, and I say he's one; but he wants years, and when he's as old as me, he'll believe his eyes and not books. I know, boy, what he says about it, for I've argued the matter with him when he was like you, for old Charley first showed him how to put two ends of a rope together. I know that he don't believe in ships being manned with crews from the other world, though few sailors but what know that it is so. There's a coasting brig out of Liverpool that never carries a maintop gallant-yard across, because when one man lays up to furl or loose the sail, there's always another to lend him a hand. And wasn't there the whole crew of an English line of battle-ship, officers and all, swore they heard the ship hailed in the Pacific Ocean when nothing was in sight? and didn't they afterwards find that a ship had lost some men just in that latitude and longitude? You see its just as true as that one ship is lucky and another unlucky; and that's what no man will doubt. I have lived a long while, and sailed the blue water long enough to know something of these things; and I do know what I saw myself, and it was that which first proved to me that ships have sometimes more hands than are down regularly in the books, or more than belong to this world either. It's no use for me to talk to you or him, that are book-learned, but I can tell what I saw, and the same was seen and sworn to by the captain and all hands, when we returned, before a 'squire. I was young then, but it cored deep; and though every sea I've seen since had washed my heart, it wouldn't have taken that out."

The old man stopped, and I observed that his good-humoured smile was gone, and that it was replaced by an expression of the deepest melancholy. The sailor pressed him to continue his yarn, and the boy, in a playful manner, bid him go on with his ghost story.

It's a long while since, lads, and many dark days have come when I only looked for bright ones; but it was to be, and so it is. It's a long yarn, and to me it's a heavy one; for when I tell of them times, they come back to me as though they had only happened yesterday. Years have rolled by, and I am an old man, yet I never tells this yarn but I talk like a boy. I did say I'd never tell it again, but I don't like to say no to a shipmate, though saying yes should even chafe my old heart a bit. Well, you see, after I'd served my time, I shipped in a whaler for the northwest, and was gone for three years. However, that's nothing to do with the story. When I came home, I found mother had been hard put to; but old farmer Spencer's daughter, Molly, had helped her, and tended her when sick, and so she'd made out. This made me take a liking to Molly; and after some telegraphing and manœuvring, it was agreed we should be spliced when I came back next trip. I had seen many girls before I saw Molly, but I never saw

one before or since that looked as she did. I can see her as plain now as though I'd made but one cruise. She was just so tall that I could kiss her white forehead without stooping. She was slender, and when rigged in plain white there was none that could keep way with her: her eyes were like that boy's there, only they weren't always laughing; when they did, all around was as happy as herself. She was—said the old man, as he drew his rude hand athwart his brow—such as I have seldom seen. I know little of these fine open phrases they put in their shore journals; but she seemed to me, as she trip'd over her father's farm, like one of your light built whale boats on the top of a wave, or a mother Carey's chicken walking a spray. But I'm falling to leeward of the yarn; I always does when I tells of them times. I've seen many a hard day—such as being scant at sea, or going ashore—but that is nothing to the trouble that lays at a man's heart, when his best hopes are struck aback in his young days—it's worse than being on a lee shore in a craft that goes one knot ahead and two to leeward.

"A three years' voyage came to something, and I made out to buy a cottage for mother; and when she was snug, I took leave of Molly and her, and went down to Providence. It was hard to leave the old woman, for her voyage of life was nearly up. Well, I shipped in the Rambler, for the coast of Chile; and a man of the name of Lynn, who had courted Molly, shipped in the same. He'd been in a slaver, and people spoke hard of him, but he was my townsman, and so we agreed to mess together. Before we sailed, he got liberty to see his friends, and offered to take a letter from me to mother, and borrowed a sheath knife that I had with my name on it. The night before we sailed, he came on board, and said he'd lost the knife, and that mother was in bed, and he couldn't wait for an answer, and so I thought no more of it. However, we had the wind fair the next morning, and we got under way at day-light, and soon cleared the land. I found he was not much of a seaman, and the lads didn't like him, but I made out to keep him along quietly. You might have seen the Rambler, lads—there wasn't a finer craft ever swam the ocean; she was one of your long low clipping brigs, with a broad beam and a clear run: there was few brigs of her tonnage that you could put along side of her as to length; and I never saw the vessel yet, let her be what rate she might, that the Rambler couldn't leave astern either going large or on a bow line. She had been a slaver, but now we were on a trading scheme on the coast of Chile. You've been on the coast, lads, and you know what it is. Well, we had our share of good weather, and we soon got into the trades, for there was no grass grew on her bottom. She'd have gone along well enough with a merchantman's spars, but she was as square rigged and as taut as any eighteen gun brig in the service. It's no use for me to say what sail we took in or made, them are things as comes of course; but I'll just observe,

that some people don't believe, as I said before, in their being extra hands sent on board sea-going crafts. I don't say it to you, lads, because there's few of you but knows better; but there's some here that mayhap have never seen such, and to them I'll say that what I am going to tell, was sworn to by the whole brig's company. It's not for me to say why such are sent on board regular vessels among living seamen; but so it is—I'm told even books allow it was so in old times, and I know too well that it, if I can believe my eyes, is so now.

"However, as I was saying, we were running down the trades, and one night, it was in the first watch, the breeze began to freshen, and we clewed up the main royal, and a boy about the size of the chap that is grinning there, started to roll it up. I was just laying the halyards up off deck, when all at once the boy comes down the topmast back stay on deck, and there he stood hanging on, and his eyes staring, with his hands pointed to the top. Well, the second mate came up, and wanted to know what was the matter; but he couldn't get him to speak for some time—at last he made out to say that there was a man in the top. By this time all the watch had come aft, and no one had been off deck; so the mate laughed, and told him to go up again, but the boy beg'd so hard, and the mate knew he was no skulk, so he told me to go aft and mind the helm. One of the green hands was there, while he went himself to furl the royal, to show the boy how foolish he was, and shame him. Well, I went aft, and just as I got to the wheel, I heard the mate sing out, 'to leeward there,' and I looked up and saw him run to leeward of the mast, but he furled the sail and came down. He laughed at the boy and some of the crew who were talking about a noise they'd heard below; but when he came aft, and looked in the binnacle as the light shone on his face, I saw all was not right—his face was pale, and when he spoke his voice seemed to tremble, and all the watch he kept his eye on the top. However, no more was said, only the youngsters laughed at the boy; but he told a straight yarn, and the old hands sided with him. Lynn grew more sulky after this, and he sometimes wouldn't speak to me, and then his watch used to say he set on his chest half the night, and seldom turned in. It soon blowed over: the second mate said he saw nothing but a studding sail tack that hung to the slings of the yard, but we observed he never sent the people into the top when he could help it. Well, things went on as usual, and we almost forgot the man in the main-top, till one night just before the watch was called at twelve; the other watch was on deck, and the lads had been spinning a yarn on the windlass, when some one sung out. The people thought the mate had called, and they went aft, but just as they got abreast of the chess tree, the mate hailed out to know who was in the foretop. The lads told him no one had been aloft; but he was a passionate man, and swore they were trying to deceive him—that he'd heard a man sing

out aloft, and he'd stop his grog if he found him out. All the people mustered aft, and no one was missing. All the watch was on deck but Lynn, and he'd been sick below for some days. The mate still swore it was a trick, and bid them take care how they tried to come their schemes over him. When the bell struck eight, the watch was called, and the captain came on deck. As it looked rather dirty, the old man thought we'd better shorten sail a bit, for the brig was walking along with lower topmast and top-gallant stunsails. We hawled in the stunsails, and clewed up the top-gallant sail. By this time we had it quite fresh, so the old man sung out to let the topsail halyards run, and take a reef in them. We let the top-gallant sails hand, and laid aloft to reef the topsails. I went up forward, and after we'd got the reef in, Jack Bladen and myself went up to roll up the top-gallant sail; while the rest manned the topsail halyards, we furled the sail, and Jack went down. While I put on the rolling rope, Jack had got half way down the topmast rigging, when I heard him ask who was in the top; and I looked down, and there was a man, with his jacket off, in the lee-side, but no one answered Jack's hail. I was soon along side of Jack, in the rigging: he was no flincher, but one of your true blue. I felt startled, and my blood was chilled through; but Jack jumped into the top, and I after him, and as I turned round, there was a face staring through the doublings of the mast. It looked—I don't know what it looked like, unless it was a strangled man. I've seen faces in anger, in sickness, in battle, and in death, but I never saw a face so horrid as that was when the moon would shine upon it through the breaks in the scud. Jack saw it too, and we were both stiff; I hung to the weather rigging, and the man or devil, which ever it was, set up a low laugh, and grinned as if to see two able-bodied seamen pall'd. My heart swelled in my throat; I thought it might be a joke, but I could have grappled with the devil; and I dashed round forward of the mast, Jack at the same time crossed abeam, but we met on the lee-side of the top only to see his horrid grin and hear his low laugh to windward of us. Jack stayed, and I looked over, but he was gone, and a moment after we both saw him close into the slings of the foreyard, grinning first at one and then at the other. Jack and myself looked at each other for a moment, and then dashed through the top and got upon the yard; but it was gone, and the cursed low laugh came more taunting from above. We thought it was no use chasing a devil, for that low laugh belonged to no good spirit, if so be it was likely that one would haunt the ship. We made for the deck: I'd stood at a gun before that time, lads, in more than one severe brush, and no man could say I ever flinched, but the cold sweat run off my head in a stream that night. The captain had called all hands aft, and when we came down he asked what we meant by behaving like boys, and disturbing the brig's company. We told the captain how it was, and offered to swear

to it; but the mate laughed, and told the captain all hands had a notion the brig was haunted. He offered to go into the top, and would have gone, but just as he put his hand on the rail, there was a voice like that of a man in a struggle, and shortly after a wild shriek like that of a woman. All hands trembled, and you couldn't hear a breath for some time. The mate stopped a moment, but he was a brave fellow, and he sprung into the rigging; but the captain called him back, and as he stepped on deck we all heard that low hellish laugh. The mate came aft, and I heard him whisper to the captain that this was the time to stop the men's fears, for if they didn't they would get no work out of them aloft the rest of the voyage. He then turned round, and asked if there was a man on board that would follow him. He jumped into the rigging, and half of us were with him in the foretop before he could have eased off the foresheet. There was no one there, and the mate was running us about our ghost, when the voice and shriek came from the maintop. 'My month's pay for the man that will cross up the main-topmast stay,' said the mate. 'Not for the brig,' said half a dozen. The mate offered, but the captain hailed—'Lay down, Mr. Fransom, you've done your duty, sir.' We all laid down, and mustered aft. The captain was a religious man, and he told us we had behaved like men, and he did not doubt we were honest ones; if so, what we had seen could not affect us, and he hoped he would still see us do our duty as we had heretofore. He allowed that he had himself laughed at it at first; but what he had seen and heard, though he still hoped it might be a mistake, he certainly considered unfortunate. The second mate acknowledged that he had also seen a figure of the same description the night the boy did in the maintop, though he had till now from prudential motives denied it.

"We went below, but not to sleep; there wasn't a hammock tumbled that watch, and almost every bell that noise was heard from some part of the brig. Well, it continued this way for two nights; we had the wind fresh all the time, and off the land. We were then on the coast of Pattegony. The third day it freshened still more, and looked very dirty to windward; so the captain told the mate to get the brig snug before dark, so as not to send the people aloft after night-fall. We were then under double reefed topsails, so we took in the jib mainsail and foretop sail, and close reefed the main one, and got her snug before four bells in the dog watch. The mate had the first watch, and Jack Bladen heard the old man tell him, that if any thing uncommon took place, to call him and all hands at once, but not to send any one aloft if he possibly could help it. The old man went below, and the mate called all the watch aft. For the last two nights we had heard the screams through the first watch, but to night all was quiet. About seven bells, the wind lessened, and the sea being high, and the brig having no sail to steady her, she rolled heavy, and

the captain came on deck. 'Mr. Fransom,' said he, 'you'd better send a hand or two aloft, and loose the foretop sail against the other watch comes up, and they'll lend you a hand to get it to the mast head.' The mate sung out, 'loose the foretop sail a couple of hands,' and two of the watch jumped into the shrouds. 'One is enough,' said the captain—'there's a hand aloft, Mr. Fransom.' 'Where?' said the mate—'the watch are all on deck, sir.' 'Come down, both of you,' said the captain; and the men left the rigging and came aft. All the watch were on the quarter deck—no one was missing, but they all saw a man setting on the foreyard, close out by the brace block. 'Foreyard, there,' shouted the mate, but no one answered. The captain hailed, and the figure slowly turned his head, but all was still as death. 'Call up the other watch,' said the captain, 'idlebs and all;' and all hands ahoy rung at every hatchway. But there it sat; it seemed like a man with his shirt sleeves rolled up, and his face was either black or bloody. He sometimes turned his head, but we heard no sound but the spray under the brig's bows, and the sea breaking round us. At length all hands were mustered, except Lynn: he was still sick, and said he was not able to get up; but the captain ordered him carried carefully in his hammock: he pleaded hard, but I don't know how it was, all hands looked to him to unravel this horrid business. At length we got him on deck, and took him aft and laid him on the booby-hatch. The figure had turned round, and now looked steadily aft. The captain called the roll once more—all hands was there. 'Now,' said the old man, 'you will all be expected to swear to what you have seen, so satisfy yourselves that the figure aloft is not one of you.' Every one was sure it was not. Two of us raised up Lynn; but the moment he saw it, he started on his feet. It was as much as we could do to hold him: he struggled hard, but his eyes stared fixedly on the man on the yard. This was the work of a moment; the next, the wild woman-like scream rung through the brig. Lynn flung us aside like children, and sprung forward abreast the mainmast: his strength left him, and as he sunk down, he called for us to help him, but no one stirred—every heart was chilled; his voice was too much like the struggling one in the top, for him to be an innocent man, and every one looked on him as the Jonas of the brig. He laid there and groaned, and for the first time that night the low laugh came from the figure on the yard-arm. We stood like men frozen to the deck, and looked in each other's faces, but no one spoke; all was silent excepting Lynn's groans, and the cursed low laugh which came oftener and more fiend-like from the yard. At length the captain spoke. 'My lads,' said he, 'it seems too true that this wretched man is the cause of this horrid affair; but lift him into his hammock and take him below. It is not for us to say what he has done; but it is too plain he is not what he should be, and I trust some future day justice will be done; it is a dark deed, and I

shall do my duty to find it out. Lynn groaned, and tried to speak, but the laugh came as if a hundred devils were making merry in the brig, and again he fainted. We took him below, but the figure still remained, and at intervals that thrilling scream, the struggling voice, and hellish laugh, rung through the brig. The captain and mates talked long in low voices together; at last the mate asked if we were willing to go aloft with him. We all volunteered, but he said two was enough, and picked out Bladen and myself. We went forward, and the second mate ran up into the maintop—we got into the foretop. 'Now,' said the mate, 'my lads, show yourselves men. Bladen, you stay in the top—Charley, you go down the lift, and I'll go out the yard, and be he man or devil we'll start him.' I took a heaver and slung myself on the lift, there he still sat; the next moment I was on the yard, and raised the heaver to strike, but no one was there but the mate. He saw him when he was within three feet of him, and Bladen saw him when the mate could have touched him. However, no one was now there, and we never saw him again. His work was done on board of us, and God knows he'd done enough.

"Lynn was raving mad, and no one could sleep in the forecastle for his shrieks and groans; but at the end of two days he came too again, and though he seemed ill at ease and very sick, he was sullen and silent. I wasn't happy; there was something hung upon my mind, and though I couldn't tell what it was, yet I felt there was no good for me out of this business. The boys used to spell each other in watching him, and they heard him talk to himself of Molly Spencer. No one knew on board who she was, and I said nothing, but my heart misgave me. I tried to think he only talked of her because he loved her still, but it wouldn't do; I thought of it till I was almost as mad as Lynn. However, as I was saying, on the third day he was more quiet, and the old man had been reading to him out of the prayer book, for it was plain he wasn't long for this world, when he told him to fetch me. The captain came himself: I was at the helm, and one of the boys took it. The captain called the mate, Jack Bladen, and the carpenter, and we all went down the forecastle. I went up to Lynn, and was going to take him by the hand; but he started up, and put his hand before his eyes, and said—'No, no! sit there,' and pointed to a chest. I sat on the chest, but for a long while he didn't speak. At last he turned over in the hammock, and his dark eye fixed on me, he said he felt his time was come, and he'd tried, but he couldn't die, till he'd told what was on his mind. 'I needn't ask you,' and his eye fastened more fiercely on me, 'if you know Molly Spencer: she was all you thought her.' 'Was?' said I, and my heart sunk. 'Yes, was,' said he, and I thought I saw a smile cross his deathly face. 'I loved her, and I tried hard to win her. I turned slaver, to get money to marry her. I joined a pirate, and—and,' said the dying man, as he raised on his elbows—

'I robbed—I murdered—and—and I sold my soul to make her mine. It might have done, for all the parson said, but you came and it was all over. But I swore you shouldn't have her; I lov'd her too deeply, and this hand that had murdered for her, should first'—'First what?' said I, and I tried to rise, but the captain and mate held me down—'first be stained with her blood;' and he jumped out of the hammock, and sat upright on the chest. 'Yes, I swore it, and my hand did it. I—I tried to—but she was too pure—and—and I stabbed her. I'd got your knife to leave there, but—damnation—I—I left mine—but I did my oath. You've lost her, and I robbed you. Boast of her—aye, marry her—wed her when you go back—you'll find her colder in your arms than—than when she was bleeding in mine—ha, ha, ha,'—and with that cursed low laugh he sunk back on the chest. I tried to get to him, but they held me down, and he seemed to know my feelings, for he smiled still, and his last breath ended in that low fiendish laugh; and when death stiffened his features, there still was the horrid grin that I had seen between the doublings of the mast. I could have tore his skeleton frame, stiffened as it was in death, to pieces, but I was dragg'd away. He was launched the next day, but I knew nothing of it. For weeks I kept my hammock; but I got better, and all hands cheered me up. Well, we got home, and the ship was boarded by officers in search of Lynn, the murderer of Molly Spencer, and I found it was all too true.

"I went home, and the chaplain of the village, for poor mother was gone, told me that the night before we sailed, Molly was missing.—The county was searched the next morning, and in the hollow by the run poor Molly was found, with a deep stab on her breast, and a heavy blow on her white forehead. They found in her bosom a note signed with my name, telling her I would meet her in the hollow near the church; that I did not wish to see mother, or any of my friends, and that she must come alone. The report spread from this that I had murdered her, and mother heard it; it—it broke her heart, though, thank God,' said the old man, and his voice trembled with emotion, and his cheek glistened with the tears that rolled down them—'thank God she didn't take her departure from this world till it was proved I wasn't—a murderer. No, lads'—and his voice became more broken—'she knew that, and blessed me before she went, too. Molly—Molly's father, God bless him, said it wasn't my writing, and showed my other letter, and the cursed knife they found, which the tavern-keeper knew to be Lynn's.'

"My hopes had all gone astern, and I didn't care much what come. The cottage was there, and I thought to live there for mother and Molly's sake; but my troubles wasn't done. I'd bought the cottage with a bad title, as they called it, and had to give it up. I thought the sea was the best place for a broken heart; so I gave all mother's things to Molly's sister, and I started. But I went the night before I left and looked

at Molly's grave; they'd planted flowers there, and they'd bloomed and flourished, where all my bright hopes had rested and withered on her bosom. It was a sorrowful sight, and my heart almost broke; but I pull'd a flower that hung down its head, for it minded me of Molly's modesty, and I put it into my bosom: it and a letter is all that I have of her's; but I do not need them to mind me of her, though few days pass without seeing them. I saw what I told you, and know too well that it is true: there was a messenger sent for Lynn, and the same happens too often. All hands swore to it, and there's none but what will tell the same. Most of them live yet; they couldnt forget it, and it lays too deep here'—laying his hand on his breast—'for me to forget.'

"The men gazed on him with redoubled respect; and the laughing boy, though not a convert to the sailor's reasoning, yet his eye rested with an expression hitherto a stranger to it, on the old tar; and the passengers, who had clustered round, could not conceal their surprise to witness such feelings emanating from a heart which they had considered as hard as the timbers of their gallant barque, and rude as the waves she rode."

